

The Ste. Genevieve Fair Play.  
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# FAIR PLAY.

Politically Independent—Open to all Parties—Controlled by None.

VOL. 1. STE. GENEVIEVE, THURSDAY, NOV. 14, 1872. NO. 24.

## Selected Miscellany.

### Ernst of Edelheim.

I'll tell you the story, kissing  
This white hand for my pains,  
No sweeter heart, nor fairer  
E'er filled such fine, blue veins.

I'll sing a song of true love.  
My Mimi dear! to you:  
Contraria contrariis—  
The rule is old and true:

The happiest of all lovers  
Was Ernst of Edelheim;  
And why he was the happiest,  
I'll tell you in my rhyme.

One summer night he wandered  
Within a lonely glade,  
And, couched in moss and moonlight,  
He found a sleeping maid.

The stars of midnight sifted  
Above her sands of gold;  
She seemed a slumbering statue,  
So fair and white and cold.

Fair and white and cold she lay,  
Beneath the starry skies;  
Rays were her waking,  
Beneath the Ritter's eyes.

He won her drowsy fancy.  
He bore her to his towers,  
And swift with love and laughter  
Flew morning's purpled hours.

But when the thickening sunbeams  
Had drunk the gleaming dew,  
A misty cloud of sorrow  
Swept o'er her eyes, deep blue.

She hung upon the Ritter's neck.  
"She wept with love and pain."  
She showed her sweet warm kisses  
Like fragrant summer rain.

"I am no Christian soul," she sobbed.  
As in his arms she lay;  
"I'm half the day a woman,  
A serpent half the day."

"And when from yonder bell tower  
Rings out the noon-day chime,  
Farewell! Farewell forever,  
Sir Ernst of Edelheim!"

"Ah! not farewell forever!"  
The Ritter wildly cried.  
"I will be saved or lost with thee.  
My lovely Will! Bride!"

Lead from the lordly bell-tower  
Rang out the noon-day chime,  
And off the bower of roses  
A serpent slid away.

But when the midwatch moonlight  
Was shimmering through the grove,  
He clasped his bride thrice-dowered  
With beauty and with love.

The happiest of all lovers  
Was Ernst and Edelheim—  
His true love was a serpent  
Only half the time!

John Hay, in Scribner's for October.

### In Prosperity and in Adversity.

BY R. S. GETHCHELL.

"Mr. Qansom, you have won my  
overlasting gratitude, my profound  
esteem, my warm friendship. I  
regret that I must disappoint you by  
refusing to become your wife. Did  
I respect and esteem you less, the  
temptation might be too strong for me  
to resist, and I might be led to ac-  
cept you for my husband, thus secur-  
ing myself a home; and shielding  
myself from the evils and difficulties  
of which I have already received a  
foretaste. But for you I should have  
no faith in mankind."

And here the sweet voice faltered,  
the bosom heaved, and the beautiful  
lips drooped over the lustrous eyes.

"Madge, Madge, hear me," pleaded  
the man, in tender, earnest tones. "I  
know I am fifteen years your senior  
—almost an old man, compared with  
younger suitors who would so gladly  
claim that fair hand in marriage; but,  
Madge, I love you with an ardent and  
intensity such as they have never  
dreamed of. I am rich, and can  
place you in position befitting one so  
lovely and talented as yourself. You  
say you respect and esteem me. Oh,  
can you not learn to love me, Madge?  
I came to you, darling, when you  
were the centre of an admiring circle  
of friends; when you were a proud  
and petted heiress, and offered you  
my love. You refused me then, and  
gave me no room for hope. I with-  
drew from your presence, bereft of  
hope, bereft of all save the sweet  
satisfaction of loving you. Now  
you stand alone in the world, and  
penniless. Again I come to you and  
offer you my love, my hand, and all  
my fortune. Not that I would pur-  
chase your hand; no, no, Madge. I  
think you have given me credit for  
no such baseness. But I love you  
my proud, beautiful darling, and I  
cannot bear to resign you to the  
blighting embrace of poverty. Think  
again; will you not be my wife?"

Regally the beautiful girl stood  
erect before her suitor, and in clear,  
ringing tones, with proud, flushing  
eyes, she said:

"Mr. Ransom, you call me proud.

and you speak truly. I am proud, too  
proud to stoop to such a base act of  
injustice as to marry you without  
loving you with all my heart. I am  
free to own that I respect you more  
than any other man living. Let this  
thought console you in favor of an-  
other. There is no man save your-  
self whom I respect even."

"But—"

"Oh, I know what you would say,"  
she continued, interrupting him.  
"You thought Leo Hunter was a suit-  
or for my hand. Well, so he was.  
I will talk plainly with you, Mr.  
Ransom, for I believe you are my  
friend, and will not misconstrue my  
motives in so doing. Leo Hunter  
was my accepted lover; but when  
adversity came, and instead of the  
petted heiress I became a penniless  
orphan, he coolly informed me that  
he could not consistently fulfil his en-  
gagement, and then—"

Here Madge Wilbur paused, while  
a hot blush mantled her forehead, dye-  
ing cheek, brow and neck with a crim-  
son glow for a moment, then reced-  
ed, leaving her pale as marble, while  
her form seemed to grow taller, as in,  
conscious, dignified pride she stood  
clad in the royal robe of virtue and  
purity.

Mr. Ransom waited for her to pro-  
ceed, and as she remained silent, he  
said in a low tone:

"Well?"

"Leo Hunter offered me the great-  
est insult that man ever offered wo-  
man. I might not become his wife,  
but his wealth, and he denied nothing  
except his name."

There was not the slightest trem-  
or in her voice now, and the betut-  
ful girl went on:

"I do not tell you this, Mr. Ran-  
som, to arouse your indignation  
against Mr. Hunter, or to enlist you  
as my champion, but simply to show  
why I have lost my faith in, my re-  
spect for man. If he whom I once be-  
lieved to be the impersonation of  
truth and honor, thus, without cause  
or reason, so deliberately prove him-  
self treacherous, base, and designing?

I frankly assure you, Mr. Ransom,  
that I do not charge you with any  
such baseness. No, on the contrary,  
in my own mind I invest you with  
all the noble principles and generous  
qualities which I believe permeated  
the whole of my sainted father's be-  
ing. I respect you accordingly, and  
look to you for real unselfish regard,  
as if you were my father."

Mr. Ransom winced at this, but as  
he looked up into the clear handsome  
eyes bent imploringly down upon  
him, he felt his heart go out towards  
her with a feeling which might have  
been thus analyzed.

"The poor child! It would be cruel  
of me to press my suit as a lover,  
and thus rob her of the one friend  
whom she feels she can trust. I am  
too old to think of winning her for  
my wife. I could never make her  
happy, and I will not be so unwar-  
rantly selfish. I will abandon all  
hope of ever winning her, and will  
be to her, just the friend that she  
desires."

Here his heart gave a great throb,  
and then went down his breast like  
a lump of lead; but he bravely strug-  
gled with his feelings, and his voice  
was firm, though full of feeling, as he  
said:

"Madge, dear child, I see that I  
have made a mistake. I have been  
foolish, blind, selfish. I should have  
known that you could not love an  
old fellow like me. Forgive me, lit-  
tle one, that I have thus annoyed and  
perplexed you, and I promise to atone  
for all by being to you a father as far  
as I am able."

He was rewarded for his sacrifice  
by a look of grateful affection, while  
two soft hands grasped his own, and a  
sweet voice said:

"My noble, true friend, I cannot  
sufficiently thank you now, but the  
time may come when I can more fully  
express my gratitude."

Poor Madge! she could indeed ap-  
preciate the generous, unselfish re-  
gard of Mr. Ransom; she had yet to  
learn how well.

Through his influence she obtained

a situation as companion in a wealthy  
and aristocratic family. Mr. Linden,  
the head of said family, was a mer-  
chant of vast wealth, and he loves his  
family with a devotion unshared by  
gold, stocks, or shipping. He had  
one daughter, a beautiful girl of about  
eighteen years; but, alas! she was  
an invalid. Death had marked her for  
his victim, and slowly but surely she  
was fading, passing away.

It was for her that Madge had been  
secured as a companion. Well and  
faithfully did she perform her duty  
during the three years that she was  
permitted to watch over the beautiful  
invalid.

Lillie Linden had learned to love  
the gentle girl who had been to her  
companion, friend, and sister so long;  
and when the end came, when her  
feet were almost submerged by the  
still waters of the dark river, she called  
to her father, while she closely  
held Madge's hand within her own:

"Father! father!"

"Yes, my darling, I am here, close  
beside you."

"Come nearer. I cannot see you  
now. I want to hear your heart  
throb; I want to feel your breath  
upon my cheek. Father!"

"I am close beside you, darling.  
Don't you feel my hand upon the pil-  
low beside your own?" wailed the  
agonized father.

"Yes, dear father, I know you are  
here now. You love your Lillie,  
don't you?"

"Oh my child, my child! God only  
knows how well, and he is taking you  
from me."

"Hush, father! He doeth all things  
well. It is sinful to murmur.  
Don't weep, I'm going to tell you  
something. You know that I have  
always suffered, have never enjoyed  
life's pleasures as others have been al-  
lowed to do. The sports and pas-  
times of childhood were meaningless  
to me. I have never been free from  
pain."

"Poor darling! I know you have  
always suffered," mourned the weep-  
ing father.

"It is almost over. I have but lit-  
tle more to suffer. I shall be  
where there shall be no more  
death, neither sorrow or crying, nei-  
ther shall there be any more pain."  
Rejoice with me, dear father, that I  
shall be free from pain. But I have  
one request, to make before I leave  
you. Will you grant it, father mine?"

"Yes, my daughter, yes: anything  
you wish shall be granted, if it be in  
my power. What is it, my child?"

"I want you to adopt Madge as  
your daughter. She has no father,  
mother, or home, and she has been  
so good to me. Oh, father, I cannot  
tell you how many hours she has  
made happy for me which otherwise  
would have been laden with dull, mis-  
erable pain. I wish to see that she  
will be cared for when I am gone.  
Father, will you grant me this re-  
quest? Will you allow Madge to  
fill the place which is so soon to be  
made vacant by death?"

"Oh, Lillie—"

"There, there, father, I know what  
you would say. I know you cannot  
love her now as you love your Lillie;  
but by and by, when the grass has  
grown long over the grave where I  
am resting, when my voice shall  
sound through memory's halls like  
some half-remembered strain of mu-  
sic heard in a dream, then you will  
love Madge, for she will be with you  
faithful as she has been to me, mak-  
ing you happy as she has made me  
happy. Shall I receive the promise,  
father?"

"Yes, darling," answered the strick-  
en parent, as he buried his face in  
the pillows beside his dying child,  
striving in vain to check the sobs  
which shook his frame.

"Thank you, papa; now I am  
ready to go," murmured the dying  
one. "Madge, come nearer; I wish  
to place your hand in father's.  
There, be good to each other, and  
when you think of Lillie, remember  
she is free from pain. Kiss me, now  
and say good-bye. No more pain,  
no more—"

The sentence was left unfinished.

Earth had one sufferer less, heaven  
had one more angel as well the  
chorus of praise.

The awful, impressive silence was  
at last broken by Madge, who, by a  
great effort, checked her own tears,  
and taking the hand of the bereaved  
father, gently led him away from the  
scene.

Very tender and considerate was  
she of the old man's feelings in the  
long, dark, weary days that followed  
after Lillie was laid to rest. She did  
not once refer to that last sad scene  
where the proud father, through love  
for his dying child, had promised to  
bestow his love and protection upon  
a stranger. She did not appear to re-  
member it; but by many nameless  
ways she won the lonely man from  
his grief, and at last he felt to thank  
God that Lillie had thus foreseen  
how best he could be comforted in his  
mourning.

Two more years have passed, and  
one day Mr. Linden sat in conver-  
sation with a young man with whom he  
had just completed a large and im-  
portant business contract.

"Come home with me to dinner,  
Hunter," he said; "I should be de-  
lighted to have you, and my daughter,  
I've no doubt, would be pleased to  
make your acquaintance."

"Your daughter, Mr. Linden? Ah!  
I beg pardon; I have been informed  
that your only child died about two  
years since."

"My daughter Lillie died two years  
ago," replied Mr. Linden, sadly; "but  
my daughter Madge would be most  
happy to welcome you to our home."

The young man started at the men-  
tion of the young lady's name, but his  
emotion was only momentary, and  
with a smile of thanks accepted the  
invitation.

"Madge, allow me to present you to  
Mr. Hunter. Mr. Hunter, my daugh-  
ter."

The blood quickly receded from  
the face of the young man, leaving him  
ghostly pale; but Madge was cool,  
calm, and smiling, and welcomed him  
with a graceful courtesy which ren-  
dered her more charming in his eyes  
than any other woman he had ever  
met.

Ah! Leo Hunter, you are now be-  
ginning to regret the base villainy  
which prompted you to seek to crush  
the poor defenseless orphan whom  
you once professed to love.

Time passed on. To his surprise,  
she seemed not to remember that he  
had thus foully wronged her. She  
treated him with a cordial friendliness  
that went far towards reassuring  
him of her present regard. He con-  
gratulated her on her good fortune,  
and she thanked him with tearful  
eyes.

She was made tender as she recalled  
the love and devotion of sweet Lillie.  
He, with the self-conceit so natural  
to him, believed that her apparent  
feeling was due to his manifest inter-  
est in her welfare.

Yet there was something in her  
manner which he could not clearly  
understand; and at last, feeling that  
he now really and truly loved her, he  
again declared his love, confessed that  
he should be utterly unhappy without  
her, and begged her to become his  
wife.

For an instant she was silent, and  
he, beginning to hope, encircled her  
with his arm; but she sprang from  
him, and in a voice expressive of  
scorn, she reminded him of his former  
baseness, bidding him never refer  
to this subject again.

"I tolerated you as a business friend  
of my father's," she said; "not that  
I counted you worthy of any true  
woman's regard."

Mr. Ransom had nobly striven to  
believe himself happy, and indeed he  
did enjoy a measure of happiness, for  
none can be really unhappy who  
strive to follow the promptings of  
duty; but he had never ceased to  
love Madge Wilbur, and at times his  
heart was filled with bitter, nameless  
pain.

One day he received a letter which  
ran thus:

"Mr. Ransom:—Have you forgotten  
Madge? You remember you were to  
be my father. Now I don't want  
you for my father any more, for you  
see I have got another, the dearest  
and best father in the whole world.  
You once told me that you loved me,  
and asked me to be your wife. I did  
not know my own heart then, for I  
was smarting from a blow inflicted  
by a hand I had loved. I believe,  
though, that I have loved you all the  
time. If you have not changed your  
feelings towards me, come to D—  
and claim me as yours. Don't con-  
sider me unwisely; I am only  
frank, and wish to secure the happi-  
ness of both. Your devoted  
MADGE."

Mr. Ransom took the next train for  
D—, and Mr. Linden soon lost an-  
other daughter, but gained a noble  
worthy son.

The Ste. Genevieve Fair Play.  
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paid for in advance.  
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terly in advance.

## ODDS AND ENDS.

The last thing out—out of debt.

Affairs in Greece—Freed oysters.  
The proper home rule—Full meas-  
ure.

The table of interest is the dinner  
table.

The last appeal—A shoemaker's  
strike.

The best throw of dice is to throw  
them away.

The pre-hysterical period—before  
tight lacing was invented.

It is said that the washer-women of  
Chicago are getting up a wring.

An editor asked his subscribers to  
pay him that he might play the same  
joke on his creditors.

Why is the alphabet like cutting  
the first teeth? Because it is taught  
you (to ture) when young.

Miss Swartz of Marshall county,  
Kan., fell into a sorghum evapora-  
tor, and was fatally boiled.

All the lovers in the rural districts  
of Illinois are getting the inter-mit-  
tens for roaming about after night  
fall.

A love-worn swain remarks that  
the final rejection of his suit by his  
inamorata was of the nature of no  
air-ender.

The old-fashioned high Spanish  
comb is about to resume its place in  
my lady's hair—or at least in the  
hair she wears.

Why is a hungry boy looking at a  
pudding like a wild horse? Because  
he would be all the better if he had a  
bit in his mouth.

We are told "the evening word  
on," but we are never told what the  
evening word on that occasion.  
Was it the "close" of Summer's day?

A fellow who has actually tried it,  
says that, although there are three  
scruples in a drachm, the more  
drugs you take the less scruples you  
will have.

Miss Kate Stanton is going to lec-  
ture in Boston on "The loves of  
great men," and nineteen out of every  
twenty Bostonians fear that she in-  
tends to divulge the heart secrets of  
their private lives.

Mrs. Victoria Woodhull (or Blood-  
hull, as she is sometimes called) says  
the spirits tell her that the "laws of  
life" will be discovered before she  
dies, and consequently that she would  
live forever.

A Chicago court has decided that  
it is imperative upon an insurance  
company to give notice when a policy  
expires. A lawyer has just re-  
covered the loss of his library under  
this decision.

Take Notice—A cat was so rash as  
to lick the cheek of a young lady of  
improved complexion and in a few  
minutes it was no more. Young  
gentlemen will please take notice.

A newly married couple riding in a  
carriage were overturned, where-  
upon a standerby said it was a shock-  
ing sight. "Yes," said a gentleman,  
"to see those wedded 'fall out' so  
soon."

Falmitaine is the name of a new ex-  
plosive compound, said to be far more  
destructive than the nitro-glycerine,  
and confidently recommended to fam-  
ilies as a satisfactory substitute for  
kerosene to kindle fires with.

What agonies must that poet have  
endured who, writing of his love, as-  
serted in his manuscript that he "kissed  
her under the silent stars," and  
found that the compositor made him  
declare that he "kicked her under  
the cellar stairs."

Dr. Deo Lewis, who is, or claims  
to be, Boston's highest authority in  
the matter of diet, describes one of  
his own typical breakfasts as consist-  
ing solely of "two cents worth of  
beans with half a cents worth of vine-  
gar."

The peculiarity, on the west coast  
of New Georgia, says that at the  
deluge one man and one woman were  
saved by escaping into a cave. And  
they all add that when the earth was  
drowned, a water-rat forced for it and  
brought it to the surface again.

The grossest instance of humbug  
met with for a long time is that of an  
individual who advertises for sale a  
Siberian bloodhound, which he calls  
"A 1," when everyone possessing the  
ordinary rudiments of an English ed-  
ucation ought to know that the best  
is K 9.

"John, did you leave Mr. Jones'  
umbrella at his house?"  
"No, no," said John.  
"And why did you not, my son?"  
"Didn't I tell you?"

"Yes, ma," said John; "but didn't  
you tell me a little while ago, to keep  
something for a rainy day? and what  
better thing could I keep than an um-  
brella?"